

A
R I D D L E:

O R, A

Paradoxical CHARACTER

O F A N

Hairy M O N S T E R,

Often found under *HOLLAND*,

To which is added,

Little *MERLIN*'s C A V E.

As it was lately discover'd, by a Gentleman's Gardener, in

MAIDENHEAD-THICKET.

*It's such a strange mysterious Thing,
That tho' I've heard a Thousand speak on't;
The wisest Man, God save the King,
Could never yet tell what to make on't.*

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. READ, in Dogwell-Court, White-Fryer, Mincing-lane

(Price Sixpence.)

A
RIDDLER

OR A
PSYCHOLOGICAL CHARACTER
OF A N

HAIRY MONSTER

Often found under HOLLAND.

To which is added,

LITTLE M. E. R. L. W. S. C. A. V. E.

As it was first discovered by a Gentleman's Candour in

MALDEN AND THICKET.

It is said a strange way of living.
I at first thought it was a Dutchman's back out.
The right Man, God save the King.
Could never yet tell what to make out.

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. R. A. in Dogwell Court, White-Tyars, M. DCCXXXV.

(Price six-pence.)



A

R I D D L E.



W H E N full 'tis round, when empty long,
Sometimes an Hole, sometimes a Slit;
Hairy when old, and bald when young,
Too wide for some, for others fit.

When tickl'd most, it most will weep,
And never condescends to laugh;
But pouts and swells; is very deep,
Extremely pleasant, but unsafe.

'T has Mouth, Lips, Beard, but has no Eyes,
Nor Teeth, altho' it often bites;
All Day it under Cover lies,
And chiefly takes its Prey on Nights.

The more 'tis fed, the more it craves,
Raw Flesh it covets most for Food;
It's lov'd by Fools, abus'd by Knaves,
Tho' tainted, yet it's held for Good.

The Learn'd, the Wise, the Grave, the Gay,
In its Embraces take Delight;
Tho' hid, th' adore it in the Day,
And often kneel to it at Night.

It justly may be stil'd a Well;
 At each Spring-Tide it overflows;
 Its Depth no mortal Man can tell;
 That none but he that made it knows.

It lies obscurely in a Clift,
 That's fenc'd with Brambles round about;
 Yet every Fool can make a Shift,
 Tho' never so dark, to find it out.

Before it *Venus* has a Mount;
 Behind it lies a Common-shore;
 Yet, it is held of great Account,
 And worshipp'd both by Rich and Poor.

When it's best pleas'd it struggles most,
 Is many a gallant Soldier's Bane;
 For tho' he makes the homest Thrust,
 It always does the Conquest gain.

The stoutest Man that e'er withstood
 Its pleasing Pow'r, at last comply'd
 To sacrifice his purest Blood,
 And then lie panting by its Side.

It causes Quarrels and Debates,
 'Twixt Friends, and if it ben't bely'd;
 Tho' it often swallows brave Estates,
 Yet it is never satisfy'd.

When young it must be manag'd well,
 (For 'tis by Nature prone to Evil;)
 Or else 'twill grow as hot as *Hell*,
 And wicked as the very *Devil*.

Tho' Charity be ne'er so cold,
 Most Men are willing to relieve it;
 Altho' when fullest it will hold,
 Much more than any one can give it.

If young, altho' its dress'd in Rags,
 'Twill charm us with its curling Locks,
 To run the Risque of greater Plagues,
 Than ever fill'd *Pandora's* Box.

The Courtier, Countryman, and Cit,
 All stoop to its prevailing Power,
 And love to taste the dainty Bit,
 Altho' the Sauce proves often sour.

Like Owls and Bats, it loves the Night,
 And in a Bottom lives retir'd:
 Nor does it shew one Spark of Light,
 Altho' it's very often Fir'd.

Its Ultimate in vain we seek,
 For it's a dark tho' pleasant Way;
 That like the *Devil's-Arse-in-Peak*,
 Has still some Caves incognita.

Tho' many a Man this Path has trod,
 And rang'd from Side to Side about;
 Yet, none that ever went that Road,
 E'er found its utmost Limits out.

Tho' some may new Discoveries make,
 And nearer to its Bounds extend,
 Yet all return the same Way back,
 And never reach the Upper-end.

The mighty Prince that rules the Throne,
 Distinguish'd by the Title, King,
 For all his Pride had ne'er been known,
 Had it not been for this poor *Thing*.

No Lord Mayor's Gown can look more fine,
 Tho' awful Scarlet 'tis without;
 This with Red Sattin's lin'd within,
 And much more nobly furr'd about.

It trades for Silver and for Gold,
 And other rich Commodities;
 Is very often bought and sold,
 Yet ne'er mov'd off the Premises.

It tempts us when we see it not,
 And makes us flatter, whine, and crave;
 Yet, when the darling Prize we've got,
 The more it yields, the less we have.

It yields Delight whene'er it's us'd,
 And finds much more than it imparts;
 But when o'er harrafs'd and abus'd,
 For Pleasures past it always smarts.

Sometimes it burns like *Ætna's* Mount,
 To its own Sorrow, Plague and Shame;
 Then to revenge the Mischief don't
 It scorches others with its Flame.

Like a true Gamester, when he's lost,
 It never cares for giving out;
 And always condescends the most,
 When we appear most Sift and Stout.

It loves to hoard what others Spend,
 With a just generous Intent;
 To pay us back, at nine Months End,
 With swinging Interest, what we lent.

Could it but, for a longer Space,
 Lengthen the Bliss it lets us taste;
 Who would not doat on't? But, alas!
 The Joy's too exquisite to last.

Two white *Herculean* Pillars prop
 The tufted *Gin*, the tempting Snare:
 When they divide, then in we pop,
 Before we well know where we are.

Then that for this, and tit for tat,
 But when the pleasing Minute's flown;
 As useless, it returns the Bait,
 And both look foolish when 'tis done.

It reigns and triumphs over Kings,
 And like to *Æsop's* Tongue, we find,
 It is the best and worst of Things,
 Too chaste, too cruel, or too Kind.

Sometimes it proves a useful Friend,
 And stops our Ruin, tho' we see,
 To one Man's Fortune it does mend,
 It brings five Score to Poverty.

It often gapes, but never talks,
 'Tis sometimes sick, sometimes found;
 In publick Streets it daily walks,
 But yet it never touches Ground.

Altho' it knows not how to frown,
 It oft torments the Love-sick Heart;
 Yet, 'tis the best Physician known,
 To cure the Wounds of *Cupid's* Dart.

When proudest, it will lowest bend,
 And takes most Freedom when it's bound;
 Tho' seated at the lower End,
 'Tis always in the Middle found.

Tho't oft deceives, 'tis oft betray'd,
 And ruin'd, tho' it draws us in;
 It is the last Thing that Heaven made,
 And yet the first that learn'd to sin.

'Tis blind as *Cupid*, or his Bow;
 And where they're merited, denies
 Those Favours it does oft bestow
 On those that least deserve the Prize.

Its Ends it loves to gain by Stealth,
 And highly values Youth and Strength;
 Tho' it can't judge of Wit nor Wealth,
 'Tis skill'd in *Thickness* and in *Length*.

It's such a strange mysterious Thing,
 That tho' I've heard a Thousand speak on't,
 The wisest Man, God save the King,
 Could never yet tell what to make on't.

Without it's rough, some People say,
 Others affirm 'tis soft within:
 Some think, as very well they may,
 It was th' Original of Sin.

'Tis that which did alone betray

Old Father *Adam* to his Fall:

It's -----, I know not what to say,

But think it is the *Devil* and all.

Little Merlin's Cave.

AS bleu-ey'd KATE, sweet-blooming buxom
Maid,

With Gard'ner HARRY sat in lonely Shade,
Have you, cry'd she, dear HARRY, ever seen,
The Cave of *Merlin*, rais'd near *Richmond-Green*?
No, answer'd HAL; but in this very Wood,
There is a Cave that's every Whit as good:
'T has Shrubs and Bushes all without, within
'Tis Crimson Velvet, soft as th' Ermin's Skin.
A Spring it has, gives Rapture to the Touch,
That never flows too little or too much:
All that old Poets feigns of Scenes of Blifs,
In ev'ry fingle Point come short of this.

Where is it, HARRY, where? cries eager KATE,
I long to prove the Wonders you relate.
The Door, said HAL, 's the Place whereon you fit,
Fall back, and on the very Spot I'll hit:
But with this Rod a Circle first describe,
Shall make th' Avenues to it open wide:

[10]

'Tis done, my Wench, d'you nothing now perceive?

O dear HARRY! more than I could believe.
That dear enchanting Rod was surely made
To dig like Ground, by you of *Adam's* Trade,
And *Eve* herself, I warrant, work'd with such a
Spade.

Little Merlin's Cave.

With Garden Harry sat in lonely Shade,
Have you ever seen Harry ever seen?

E I N I S

No, answer'd He; but in this very Wood,
There is a Cave that's every Whit as good:
'T has Shrubs and Bunches all without, within,
'Tis Crimson Velvet soft as th' Ermin's Skin.
A Spring it has gives Rapture to the Touch,
That never flows too little or too much:
All that old Poets feigns of Scenes of Bliss,
In ev'ry single Point come forth of this.

Where is Harry's eager Kate,
I long to pro- you relate.
The Door, said Harry, whereon you sit
I'll back, and on the very Spot I'll hit:
But with this Rod a Circle first describe,
I'll make the Avenue to it open wide:

